



Old Woman (awaiting Magistrate's signature to her declaration that she has lost a Pawn-ticket). "AN AWKWARD THING, YER HONOUR, TO LOSE A PAWN-TICKET."

Old Woman (not to be suppressed). "AH! IT'S AN AWKWARD THING, YER HONOUR, TO LOSE A PAWN-TICKET."

Magistrate. "MY GOOD WOMAN, I NEVER LOST ONE."

Old Woman. "AH! SURE, YER HONOUR, SOME PEOPLE ARE VERY CAREFUL!"

#### THE "REGULATION" OF ILLEGAL PRACTICES.

[ "So long as the Government had not the courage to suppress street betting they ought at least to regulate it."—Mr. Horatio Bottomley.]

If Britain's legislators should consent  
To supervise the cult of kerbstone betting,  
We hope the then existing Government  
Will not commit the folly of forgetting  
To "regulate" the evils that are rife  
In other despicable walks of life.

If you should be a footpad, then the State  
May grant you leave to "work" when Fortune pits you  
Against a man of decent height and weight  
Acquainted with the science of Jiu-jitsu;  
But not to "out," "down," "cosh" or render senseless  
The aged, weak, and otherwise defenceless.

Our pickpockets will gladly undertake  
Only to rob the obviously wealthy;  
They'll welcome anything that tends to make  
The tone of their profession sound and healthy,  
In that grand day, when legislation places  
Their dealings on an equitable basis.

Cardsharps, quacks, and thimble-rigging knaves,  
Who live by "doing" each and all they may "do,"  
Will only trick a person who behaves  
As cunningly, and knows as much, as they do;  
The Government will pledge them, by appealing  
To their good taste and gentlemanly feeling.

In fact, all known varieties of crime,  
Since penal codes have failed to obviate them,  
May come to be idealised in time,  
When laws are put in force to "regulate" them;  
And then—ah, think what benefits will flow  
From thy philosophy, Horatio!

"At the close of the dedication ceremony at St. Luke's Church, Manningham," says *The Bradford Daily Argus*, "the new bell was rung for the first time, and for a quarter of an hour its loud, sonorous notes rang out on the night air. It is a matter for general regret that the Rev. Canon MAGUINNESS is suffering from a painful ear affliction at such an interesting period in the history of St. Luke's." A matter for general regret certainly, but hardly for any particular surprise.

### A PUNCH-AND-JOSEPHINE SHOW.

So long as Mr. BARRIE was content to move in the unmapped realm of Faerie, he was like the Trades Unions—above all laws; his inalienable rights there was none to dispute; or, if any was rash enough to dispute them on the score of artistic inconsistency, he was abused for a pedant, too bleary-eyed to see that the thing solved itself by flying. But now, greatly daring, the creator of *Peter Pan* has fluttered down from his home in the tree-tops and come perilously near to soiling his bright wings by contact with the sordid world of fact.

*Josephine* is a political allegory, which goes back over a couple of decades, glasses the present, and dips into the immediate future. Now there are allegories and allegories, and they vary chiefly in degree of dulness. There is the allegory which symbolises abstractions—virtues, vices, ideas, nationalities and so forth; and there is the allegory which disguises real persons in the masquerade of fancy. The difficulty with them all is that you have to construct a design which shall be at once sufficiently plausible to stand by itself, and shall at the same time correspond, in the mutual relationships of its figures, with those of the original persons or abstractions which they portray or symbolise. As for the task of interpretation laid upon the audience (and this is seldom less onerous than the task of invention) it is increased tenfold in the present case by the fact that Mr. BARRIE has given us a combination of allegorical schemes. For some of his figures—*James*, *Colin*, *Andrew*, *Josephine*, *Bunting*



*James* (Mr. Graham Browne).

*Josephine* (Mr. Dion Boucicault).

—stand for actual and living characters; others for abstract ideas—Free and Fair Trade; others yet again for nationalities—Britain and Ireland. It resulted that

the audience—though they would not admit it at the time, but only afterwards and in privy whispers—was at sea for a great part of the First Act. The prominence of *Macourneen*—obviously representing Ireland—suggested a geographical allegory, in which *Andrew* might stand for Scotland; but who, then, was *Colin*, who also bore a Scots name? Happily the identity of this last was established by the statement that he had been seen cutting his initials (C. B.) on a fence; and *James* had meanwhile proved himself allusively to be no other than ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR. But there remained, almost to the end of the First Act, an insoluble mystery about the identity of *Andrew*. His engagement to *Josephine* (an easy disguise) was in process of dissolution on account of his detected habit of flirting with *Macourneen*—clearly a Gladstonian foible; but it was only when he announced his intention of retiring to his lonely furrow that he stood revealed as Lord ROSEBERY. The conundrum was solved; and in gratitude for this relief a fuddled audience forebore to reflect how little the relations of *Andrew* and *Macourneen* corresponded with the known attitude of Lord ROSEBERY towards Home Rule.

Once enlightened on the point of identities we settled ourselves down to accept the incredible and incongruous, if only we might from time to time be reassured by some recognisable sign such as an orchid, or a phrase out of antiquity such as "What I have said, I have said." It mattered not that the picture of *Josephine*, attaching herself like a female vampire first to *Andrew*, and then to *James*, and finally to Mr. Buller himself, was little enough in accord with the popular prejudice which regards Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as a breaker-up of parties, who has finally gone off on an independent quest of his own. It mattered not that the ultimate severance of *Josephine* and *James* and the elopement of the latter with Fair Trade offered no sort of correspondence with the anticipations of the most imaginative of political prophets. So long as *Josephine* (delectably played by Mr. DION BOUCICAULT) was on the scene, the audience remained on good terms with itself. Mr. BARRIE's humour was at its best in his satire upon the relations existing between the two leaders of the Unionist party, and it must have been a very perfect joy to Mr. JOHN MORLEY and Mr. BURRELL in their box, with the PRIME MINISTER, as report goes, in the background. Whether these gentlemen took an equal delight in the author's vision of the approaching triumph of the Labour Party over the present Ministry it is not for me to conjecture.

For the rest it is a question whether Mr. BARRIE, following somewhat belatedly the lines of electoral pantomime, would

not have done better to go the whole length of the Lane and make up his characters to resemble physically their originals, as he did in the case of Mr. BERNARD SHAW, in his other play. As it was, he put too much strain on a very amiable house in asking it to regard these three young men, hardly distinguishable from one another, as the counterfeits of personalities as dissimilar as those of Mr. BALFOUR, Lord ROSEBERY and Sir HENRY.

It was the best possible tribute to the fascination which Mr. BARRIE wields over the hearts of the public that his audience received with something more than respectful enthusiasm a play which they would hardly have tolerated from any other hands.

The evening was a triumph for Mr. DION BOUCICAULT. He played *Josephine* with a marvellous feeling for femininity. *Das Ewig-weibliche* permeated his every gesture and tone. And he was scarcely less successful in the little "Toy Tragedy" that preceded the political *Revue*. In the part of *Punch* (the buffoon of melodrama,—need I explain?—and not the venerable sage of Bouverie Street) he bore with heroic dignity the veering of popular favour from himself to *Superpunch*, in the person of Mr. BERNARD SHAW.



*Punch* (Mr. Dion Boucicault).

*Superpunch* (Mr. A. E. Anson).

Whether Mr. SHAW's victory has not been over something rather better than melodrama it shall be left for some more captious critic to enquire. Enough for most of us that the delightfully incongruous blending of old-world imagination and modern actuality gave scope for Mr. BARRIE's most happy caprice. The faithful *Judy*'s suggestion that the cause of their unpopularity might be due to the correctness of their marital relations, and her offer to rectify this blemish by the destruction of her marriage lines, were in the author's best vein of satire. The setting of the scene—laid at the back of



### EQUALITY—WITH A DIFFERENCE.

LABOUR. "EXCUSE ME, MUM, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE 'ANG O' YOUR SCALES. I THINK YOU'LL FIND THIS PAIR WORKS BETTER—FOR ME!"





THE STATUE OF A NEW FILM

THE STATUE OF A NEW FILM



### MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

*Nervous Johnny.* "I LOVE THE SMELL OF MOTOR-CARS!"

*Hooters.* "REALLY? WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY TASTE! WHY DO YOU LIKE IT?"

*N. J.* "BECAUSE WHEN YOU SMELL IT YOU KNOW THE DANGER'S PART."

the *Punch and Judy* stage—was itself in harmony with that pervading freshness of fancy which is the secret of Mr. BARRIE'S unconquerable charm.

I confess I like him better in this light sketch, where romance and sentiment have a chance of holding their own with realism, than in the more ambitious play which followed it, where his delicate genius was over-taxed by the effort to adjust fancy to complex fact. Let the ordinary cobbler stick to his last; but let this maker of winged sandals revert to his last but one.

O. S.

### OUR LABOUR RULERS.

GOSSIP FROM THE LOBBY.

Much dissatisfaction is expressed in Labour circles with the Government's Discharge of Workmen Bill. It is felt that the clause which allows an employer to dismiss a workman who assaults him or sets the premises on fire is absolutely destructive of all industrial freedom. It is expected that under pressure from the Labour Benches the Government will

adopt the sound Trades Union principle that on no grounds whatever should an employer be allowed to discharge a workman.

A rumour has been circulated that the Government Strike Pay Bill will not contain a provision to the effect that employers must pay double wages to striking workmen. A Bill which merely provides for the ordinary rate of wages to be paid during strikes will not be acceptable to the Labour Party. They feel very strongly that, when an employer compels his hands to strike, the men need some little reimbursement for their trouble besides their ordinary pay. It is possible, however, that a compromise on the lines of fifty per cent. extra pay during strikes may be effected.

The Domestic Servants Nights-Out Bill is pronounced by Mr. Crooks to be a feeble measure, only worthy of a Tory Government. When the Bill goes into Committee he will move to omit the words "four nights-out a week," and insert "seven nights-out a week, with use of the latch-key."

Much consternation has been caused

amongst the Labour men by the rumour that Mr. BURNS is forming a Trades Union of Cabinet Ministers. It is felt that if this new Trades Union can secure affiliation to the Trade Congress, in a very short time we shall find the Cabinet governing the country.

### Local Colour.

"RESTAURANT. — First-class London establishment requires MAN OF COLOUR for making coffee, and a tall, well-built Chinaman for making tea."—*Daily Telegraph*.

It is rash of the advertiser to make no stipulation as to the Man of Colour's height and build; and apparently he is indifferent to what the Chinaman thinks, for instance, of Mr. BERNEARD SHAW. Yet it is just these little things that tell in tea.

"FOR SALE, 2 Cows, owing to family being abroad."—*Berwickshire News*.

Mr. Punch wishes to give the above a wider publicity in the hope that it may catch the family's eye. They certainly ought to know what is going on in their absence.

**PAGEANTS EXTRAORDINARY.**

THE news that Warwick Castle is to be the scene this summer of an historical pageant beginning with CARACTACUS, ending with the present day—when our Warwick will receive the homage of the fourteen other Warwicks in America and elsewhere—and including the dun cow, has spread like wildfire through England and incited many other towns to an imitative frenzy. Particulars of several rival pageants are already to hand.

**COVENTRY.**

The cost of the costumes of the leading figures in these pageants is a serious matter which has before now deterred many an otherwise enterprising borough from indulging in pageantry. But here Coventry has a distinct advantage, since Lady GODIVA's modistes' and milliners' bills are not worth talking about. Fortified by this reflection even the rigidly economical wing of the Coventry Town Council has given way and agreed to support the pageant. Everything is indeed settled but the lady and gentleman to play GODIVA and Peeping TOM. Both Miss BECKWITH and Miss KELLERMAN are to be approached with respect to the feminine lead, and it is most cordially hoped that both will not accept or history will be dislocated. To add to the illusion of reality it is held that Peeping TOM should be impersonated by some public character who is already known by that Christian name, and it is therefore arranged that an invitation shall be extended to Mr. THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES, TOM HAYWARD, and TOM B. DAVIS. The Coventry pageant is being composed by Mr. A. E. W. MASON, M.P. for the Borough, assisted by Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER.

**CAMBRIDGE.**

The Cambridge pageant will bear wholly upon eggs. It is felt that the egg question must be set in its proper place in the national mind, and how better do so than by forgetting history and literature—forgetting that Cambridge was the mother of the best poets, and that it was she who bred Prince RANJITSINGH, and for the time being throw the whole weight and prestige of the University into the glorification of the egg.

A masque is even now being written at great speed by Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER (to be known as PARKER'S piece) in honour of the domestic fowl; and it is hoped that the Master of the Rolls, Sir RICHARD HENY COLLINS, himself a distinguished Cantab, will take the leading part. The co-operation of Dr. ADLER, the Chief Rabbi, is also counted upon. A giant egg will be a prominent feature, from which will crawl all that is best

in statesmanship and literature, science and art, athletics and learning.

**BRIGHTON.**

The pageant at Brighton will have a more modern setting than the others, the period of the Regency being chosen as the starting point and the present day as the close. The central figure thus becomes the First Gentleman of Europe, who will be seen wedding the Channel, as the Doges of Venice wed the Adriatic, by dropping a ring off the end of the Pier. But so thrifty are the Brighton Town Councillors that it has been arranged that Professor REDDISH shall at once dive into the sea to bring it out again. Candidates for the part of the REGENT are very numerous, among others being Mr. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL, Mr. GEORGE STREET, and Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM. The book is the work of LOUIS N. PARKER, or as he will be called in future, Mr. PRESTON PARKER.

**BIRMINGHAM.**

The very spirited inhabitants of Birmingham intend to do what they can, although they are only too conscious of the youthfulness of their city and its lack of history. They console themselves, however, with the thought that they are making history all the time, whereas so many other and older towns have long ago finished. The idea which meets at present with most favour is a pageant of great Chamberlains, beginning with JOSEPH who saved Egypt by protecting corn and ending with a JOSEPH of later date who has similar designs in England.

The libretto will be the work of the editors of *The Outlook* and *The National Review*, the lyrics being provided by Mr. JESSE COLLINGS and Sir OLIVER LODGE, and the production will be carried out under the eye of Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER.

**EDINBURGH.**

It is proposed in Edinburgh to make the pageant descriptive and commemorative of Scottish pre-eminence in all walks of life; but particularly in politics and journalism. In order to do this vividly, without any loss of point through over-subtlety, it has been decided to erect on Arthur's Seat a gigantic sausage machine, with an inclined plane leading from the ground to the opening of it. The pageant will consist of a long procession through the city to Arthur's Seat, where stands for thousands of spectators are to be erected. At a given signal a number of ordinary Scotch youths will walk in single file up the inclined plane and disappear into the machine. Its wheels will then be put in motion, and in a few seconds they will emerge in London attire as full-blown Prime Ministers, Pro-Consuls, Members of Parliament, successful editors, novelists, etc.

The arrangements are in the hands of Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER, assisted by Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, who has control of a large part of the machinery.

**DUBLIN.**

After a great deal of spirited discussion it has been decided that the Dublin pageant shall take the form of a realistic representation of BRIAN BOROMHE's last battle against the Danes, the alternative proposal of the discovery of Guinness's Stout by Bacchus having been abandoned owing to the opposition of the Gaelic League. The only difficulty so far encountered has been in connection with casting the leading rôles. Danish chieftains (owing possibly to jealousy on the butter question) have been very much at a discount, but it is hoped that Mr. GEORGE MOORE or possibly Mr. WALTER LONG will enact the part of the Danish King. BRIAN BOROMHE will of course be played by Mr. JOHN REDMOND, and Mr. W. B. YEATS will appear in a saffron kilt as the chief Bard. The co-operation of Mr. BART KENNEDY is also threatened.

The scenario of the pageant has already been prepared by Mr. LOUIS PHOENIX PARKER, and the lyrics will be from the pens of Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE and Mr. TIM HEALY, M.P.

**CRITICISM BY ANATHEMA.**

In an article on Our "Insolvent" Stage in the April *National Review*, Mr. AUSTIN HARRISON writes, "We want fierce criticism, fearless and independent like the political anathemas of *The National Review*, and signed with the writers' names." We are glad to be able, by the aid of a process of telepathic clairvoyance special to Mr. *Punch*, to indicate precisely the effect on the dramatic critics of our contemporaries when Mr. HARRISON's luminous suggestion has been adopted.

From *The T-m-s* of April 2, 1907.

"Opinions will differ about Mr. ARTHUR HENRY JAMES's new play, for, at any rate until the next swing of the political pendulum, a majority of fools is assured. Besides, Mr. JAMES is now practically in his dotage, and the English public has always evinced a fatuous respect for senility. For one reason or another, therefore—out of a perverted spirit of loyalty, or an ingrained and ineradicable love of vulgar and sloppy sentiment—many people will like Mr. JAMES's play. We cannot profess the smallest regret that their attitude is not our own.

"The General Election has proved the majority of Englishmen to be enamoured of a rotten and pestilential policy. Argal, the majority of Englishmen will probably enjoy this rotten and pestilential play. As ORNITHOPARCUS remarks in one of his



humorous Dialogues, *stultitia senum pessima*, and Mr. JAMES is a living example of the truth of this luminous dictum. In his long, inglorious, though highly lucrative career, he has written more tedious, more insipid, more pretentious plays than *The Hallucinations of Hetty*, but he has never 'ruined along the illimitable inane' with greater velocity than in this sickening pseudo-comedy.

"The effrontery which he has displayed in ransacking the dustbins of his effete imagination for the delectation of a depraved democracy is only one more example of the courage of ignorance—which, as ARISTOTLE tells us, is one of the lowest and most perverted forms of that virtue. Mr. JAMES is like the BOURBONS and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE. He has learnt nothing and he has forgotten nothing. But he is so far inferior to them that he knew absolutely nothing to start with. That notorious Blenheim pup, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL—an even more poisonous politician than Mr. BIRRELL or Mr. BYLES—could hardly in his most insensate moments have perpetrated such clotted nonsense as this atrocious play. We will not abuse the patience of our readers by attempting to sketch the plot. We should only besmirch ourselves and them in the process. It is enough to say that it is as mad as the Blue Water mania of the distorted doctrinaires who run the Committee of National Defence. As for the acting, it was if possible worse than the play. Sir ALFRED KIMBALL, the most ghastly histrionic mandarin who ever disgraced the calling of GARRICK, blundered through such of his lines as he contrived to remember. Mr. PHILIP SAMPSON wore three pairs of well-cut trousers in the rôle of the hero, and Miss VINOLIA BAMBOROUGH gave a realistic imitation of St. Vitus's dance in that of *Hetty*, a female boulder of the most deadly type.

"The piece, we may add, is staged and upholstered with the most extravagant Tottenham Court Road *Savoyaria*, and is evidently destined for a long, ignoble, but remunerative run."

THE Assistant Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries has discovered the whereabouts of the Royal Treasure lost by King JOHN in the Wash, and a Company is to be formed to dig for it. We understand that this is not the only historical find of the Society,—a well-known member having recently located at Bletchley Junction one of the identical cakes burnt by King ALFRED.

From the Laureate's new poem:—

"Why still pursue a bootless quest  
And wander heartsore further East?"

Is this not a slip for "foresore"?



[Sir WILLIAM BULL, M.P., is anxious to form in the metropolis a Society for Completing Modern Buildings. "Look," he says, "at the Thames Embankment, with its pediments for sculpture, and not one filled in, except the space which I got occupied by the Boadicea group."]

IT IS HOPED THAT CHELSEA, WITH ITS ARTISTS' QUARTER, WILL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE MAGNIFICENT OPPORTUNITY OFFERED BY THE FOUR CHIMNEYS OF THE GENERATING STATION. WHY NOT AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF CARLILE, READING HIS OWN WORKS?

WE understand from the American Press that Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, *natu minimus* (March 21, 1906), is not yet engaged, though an interesting announcement may be expected shortly. He is indifferent about the egg-diet, disapproves of feminine smoking, is rather undecided on the fiscal question, rejoices that the Morocco trouble is over, evinces a certain disappointment in the result of the Boat-race, and has a high opinion of the American Press.

Music Master: "P" is the musical sign indicating that a passage of music has to be sung softly. Now, what are the letters that stand for "very soft?"

Boy (promptly.) M.P., Sir.

Mr. Punch begs to remind housewives that, according to the old saying:—

"The Cook who comes in April,  
Sings her song in May,  
Says good-bye in July;  
Then she flies away."

## FRENCH ON THE NICHER SYSTEM.

The *Evening News* is conducting a series of French lectures for the benefit of travellers. Members of Parliament, clerks and others. For a first and only payment of 6s. 6d. you get a good all-round knowledge of French and the *Evening News*; while for 2s. 6d. you get the French without the *Evening News*; but that does not matter, as you can then take in the *Petit Bleu*. This seems a trifle unkind to the *Harmsworth Self Educator*, which was to teach everything, including French, for 1d. a day, but Mr. Punch has no wish to sow the seeds of discord in Carmelite House. He is here to make the announcement that on April 31 next he, too, will give free French instruction to all subscribers.

The lecture will be on thoroughly sound lines. The following is a specimen of the kind of examination paper that will be set at the end of it.

## MR. PUNCH'S FRENCH PAPER.

[Candidates should state whether they have had any previous instruction; and (if female) whether married or single.]

- I. Distinguish between *entente cordiale* and *l'oe-majesté*.
- II. Translate literally "*Ventre à terre*." Mention any other French oaths you know. Do you think "*Ventre bleu*" is better regarded as an oath, or as a rough translation of Bluebeard?
- III. Pronounce *menu*, *Nestlé's*, and *feuilleton*.
- IV. Explode the theory that the Fettesian-Lorettonians are a football club for men who were educated in Alsace or Lorraine.
- V. Correct the grammar of the following:—
  - (1) *Les homme*.
  - (2) *Le Queuz*.

[N.B.—No. 2 is for advanced students only.]

- VI. Do into French:  
Am I right (*droit*) for Bouverie Street?  
No, but I have an aunt who has dined (*escoffier*) at the Carlton.
- VII. Translate:  
*Je charivarirai votre tête*.

- VIII. Compare Hunyadi Janos and OMAR KHAYYAM.

[NOTE.—This is not, strictly speaking, a French question, but it will be touched upon in the lecture.]

It is to be hoped that a large number of subscribers will take advantage of Mr. Punch's offer and go in for the lecture and the examination. It will be remembered that on the 29th of last February Mr. Punch gave a similar lecture; and he is able to reproduce

here some of the testimonials he then received.

I. A Testimonial from Devon: "*Merci, Monsieur*."

[N.B.—The original of this can be seen.]

II. A Testimonial from Cornwall: "Sir, —In the course of a somewhat pleasant stay in *La belle France* I discovered that even without a knowledge of the language one could pass an agreeable time there."

III. A Testimonial from Dover: —, the well-known Channel Swimmer, writes: "I now divulge for the first time the reason why my last gallant attempt to swim the Channel was unsuccessful. The fact simply was this: that directly I struck the water off Dover Pier I remembered all at once that I knew no word of the French language. Consequently I decided to postpone my visit until after I had attended one of your lectures."

Testimonials in this or any other style can be seen in the office. It only remains for you to fill in the following form.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I enclose

- (1) 15/9 for Lecture on April 31—  
with Punch.  
(2) 15/9 for Punch—without Lecture  
on April 31.

[\* Strike out all but one of these.]

Yours faithfully,

Name.....

Address .....

NOTE.—Do not trouble to write legibly so long as you send the money.

## CHARIVARIA.

Its best friends do not wish the Government many happy returns of its Natal day.

There is, according to *Good Words*, a statue in Wells Cathedral representing *The Fruit Stealer*, which bears a ridiculous resemblance to Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. We think that the title would have been more appropriate for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in view of his windfall.

It is now rumoured that Mr. HALDANE intends substantially to reduce our Army so as to save sufficient money to pay the indemnity which we shall, as will shortly be proved by *The Daily Mail*, have to pay Germany in 1910.

The latest scheme for Old Age Pensions proposes that five shillings a week shall be paid to rich and poor alike. We have received several letters from millionaires expressing their delight at the revival

of the old theory that there should be one law for rich and poor alike.

Much indignation is felt in newspaper circles that the French miners who were rescued last week were allowed to see their relatives before they had been interviewed by the Press correspondents.

The reports to the effect that the Moors are delighted that the agreement relating to the control of their country has removed the danger of a war in Europe are exaggerated.

One would have thought that the amount of costume worn by athletes had already reached the minimum, but the British competitors at the Olympian Games at Athens have been requested to wear a small Union Jack.

The latest fashion is to wear real flowers in one's headgear. The flower-pot hat should form a pretty accompaniment to the chimney-pot hat.

Mr. Justice BUCKLEY's dictum that there are no sporting rights in moths has caused consternation among those vendors of second-hand fur coats who are in the habit of asking an additional sum for the hunting privileges.

Motor despatch cars are, it is announced, to be used by Scotland Yard. Does this mean that the little traps used by the police are to be given up?

Answer to a Correspondent.—No, Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX's real name is not WILLIAM LE QUILLER-COUCH.

The *Lancet* having stated that tobacco is a germicide, a gentleman writes to tell us that he has smoked tobacco for upwards of sixty years with no evil effects.

With reference to the timber famine which Sir HERBERT MAXWELL predicts, we are informed that the danger has been exaggerated, and that there is no need for some of us to lose our heads.

A BIRKENHEAD Lady writes to *The Liverpool Echo*:—

"A few days ago I lost a valuable dog at New Brighton. I advertised in *The Echo*, and the same evening the dog returned."

The Birkenhead Lady should have written to *The Spectator*. The advertisement, no doubt, ran, "Return at once and all will be forgiven;" and the prodigal, having thought the matter over, decided to chance it. But how surprised he must have been at coming across his name in the papers in this way.





## AN INDUCEMENT.

Swedish Exercise Instructress. "NOW, LADIES, IF YOU WILL ONLY FOLLOW MY DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY, IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE THAT YOU MAY BECOME EVEN AS I AM!"

## SHAW'S PROGRESS.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

(Being a Supplement to "Mr. Bernard Shaw in Hungary," *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 3, 1906.)

THE triumphant reception of Mr. BERNARD SHAW's plays in Berlin and Budapest has been transcended by the phenomenal enthusiasm aroused by the production of *Man and Superman* in the Basque provinces. For at least a fortnight before the first performance I was beset with questions concerning the personality, appearance, dress and diet of the famous Irish playwright, who has at one stride attained a popularity among the Basques second only to that of the famous Carlist leader ZUMALACARREGUY. At Fuenterrabia, where the play was performed at the principal *fronton*, the reception was magnificent, Mr. SHAW being presented with a silver-mounted

*chistara*, while the criticisms have been both fearless and adequate. Thus the Sare "Aizkor" actually goes so far as to say: "Erho bat aski da harricantombaten puzura egosteco, bana sei suhur behar dira haren hantik itoiteco," and another leading journal says (we translate freely) "Whether we read the play straightforwards, backwards or upside down it remains the most remarkable manifestation of the literary spirit of modern England, with perhaps the sole exception of the novels of Miss MARIE CAINE." Another critic remarks: "This BERNARD SHAW is a splendid fellow, who knows his public as well as a Cambridge oarsman knows a bad egg." Indeed the success of the play has been quite unprecedented. Agricultural operations have been entirely suspended throughout the Basque provinces, the national game of pelota has been temporarily abandoned, the dancing of the Zorcico has ceased, and M. ECHEGARAY, the famous

dramatist, has been so consumed with mortification at the popularity of his Irish rival that he has gone into retreat at his château at Zozarteaga and refused admittance to all interviewers.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have attended a performance of *The Devil's Disciple* at Tardetz, where, as I sat down and watched the Escualdunac at play, quite a new revelation of his character was presented. The applause was led by the famous pelota player BETRY HAROSTEGUY, and the audience frequently broke out into ejaculations of "Konfradiac! Konfradiac!"

One of the most delightful criticisms of the play is given by MIGUEL HAROTZARENA, who says, with characteristic humour, "Oren guciek dute gizon kolpatzen askenekoak du hobira egortzen." The latter part of the phrase is so charmingly Basque that Mr. SHAW has committed it to memory, and chants it in his bath every morning.



## RED CROSS TRAGEDIES.

Mrs. Brown (who has not quite grasped the *raison d'être* of the stretcher-bearers). "I SUPPOSE THEY CARRY THE HOT CROSS BUNS ON THAT TRAY?"

## A SONG OF SPRING.

Am—"It was a lover and his lass."

It was a mistress and her maid,  
With a rush, and a crush, and a dust-pan and brush,  
That unto one another said,

"It's the spring-time, the only curtain-ring time,  
For the woods are green and we must spring clean."  
(I knew what that would mean.)

Between the hall and the dining-room,  
With a rub, and a scrub, and a rub-a-dub-dub,  
I thrice tripped over a housemaid's broom  
In the spring-time, the only curtain-ring time,  
When the stools and chairs all cover the stairs,  
And catch one unawares.

A whitewash pail I did not see,  
With a slip, and a slop, and a tenpenny mop,  
I kicked the bucket and grazed my knee  
In the spring-time, the only curtain-ring time,  
When the painters come, and the plumbers "plumb,"  
And charge a good round sum.

And so I've made up my mind next year  
(With a brush, and a comb, and I shan't be at home),

I'll pack my bag and I'll disappear  
In the spring-time, the only curtain-ring time;  
When the woods are green, if they must spring clean,  
I won't be on the scene!

## Seven to five, "t. and o."

From the *Statesman*, Calcutta: "The Magistrate sentenced him to seven days' hard labour, but on the accused stating that he had to ride next Saturday at the races the Court reduced the sentence to five days, and directed the police to release the prisoner on Saturday morning."

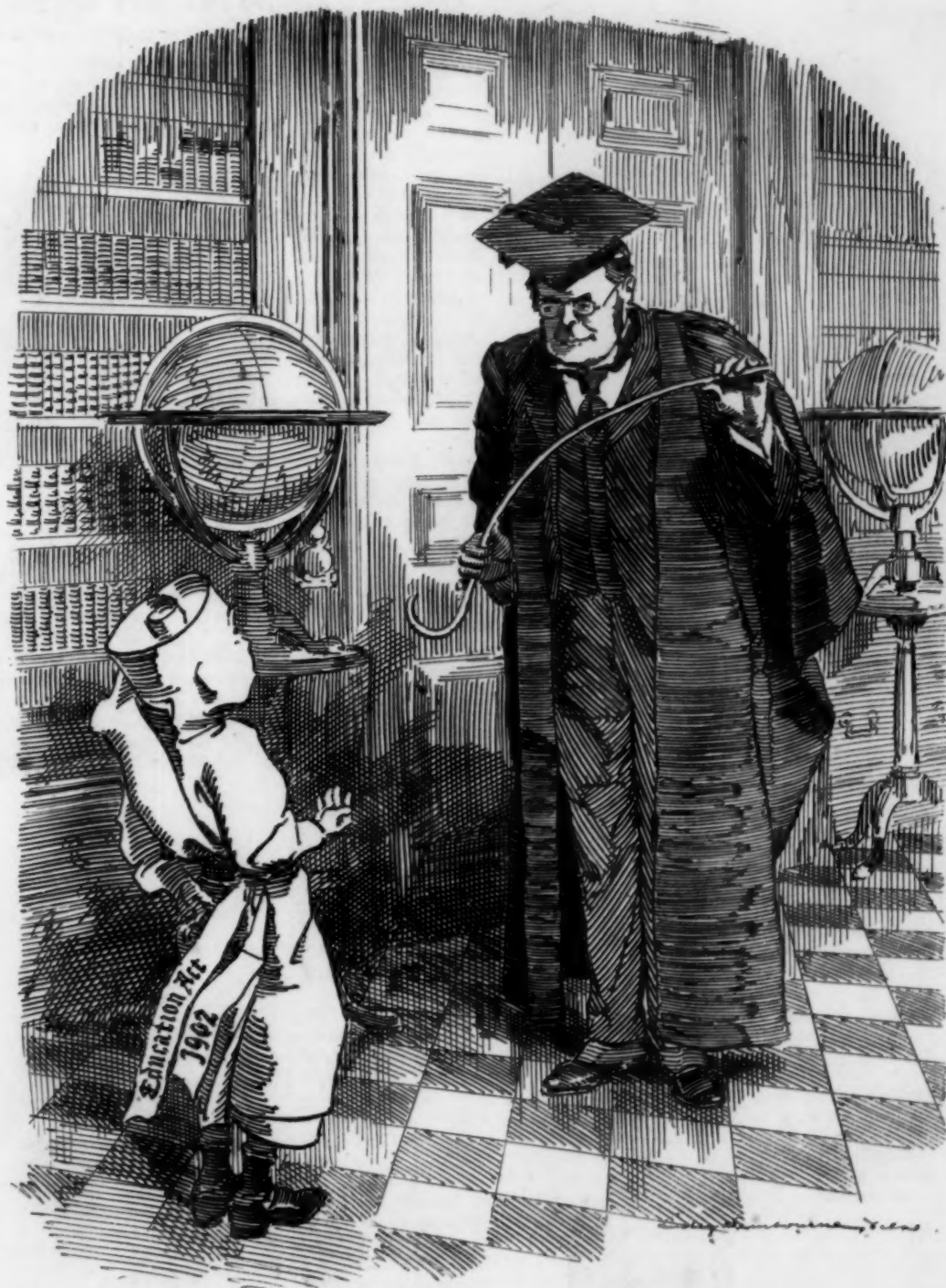
But might not the Court's motives be misunderstood?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN continues to receive proof of his claim that non-adherence to his policy involves an increase in the unemployed.

We learn that another city CLARKE is likely to lose his place.

THE REV. DR. AKED, speaking at Liverpool on such things as Temperance and Mr. KEIR HARDIE, remarked: "It is even said that one of the brilliant men of our day, from whom you are expecting so much, is to-day doing his work on champagne."

We have received letters from 657 M.P.'s denying the allegation.



### FELLOW SUFFERERS.

DR. BIRRELL. "MY BOY, THIS CAN'T HURT YOU MORE THAN IT'S GOING TO HURT ME."





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 2.  
—"I am not an ornamental Member,"  
said DIXON-HARTLAND.

From the crowded Benches on both



"Mr. Speaker, I am not an ornamental Member only."

(Sir FRANK DIXON-HARTLAND.)

sides rose a murmur of dissent. DIXON-HARTLAND sadly shook his head and would not be comforted. It was not seemly to trifle with the truth.

The polite, pleasing contradiction was, it shortly appeared, based on misapprehension. Debate turned on new Procedure Rules recommended by Committee. DIXON-HARTLAND's deprecatory remark had no reference to personal appearance. He



THE SPECTER OF SLEAFORD.  
(Professor L-p-t-n.)

was merely discussing the new proposals as an old Member, and desired to dissociate himself from the class of legislators who come down to enjoy excitement of the Question hour, and then go into Lobby to seek a pair. All very well for gay young things to cherish the short sitting on Friday as condition of going a-week-ending. For old stagers a break in the middle of the week, recurrence to the old free night on Wednesday, was desirable.

Following him from the other side of the House rose the six-foot-four of E. WASON. In struggle for seats—to be quite comfortable he wants two—he had been driven to back Bench under Gallery to right of SPEAKER'S chair, finding a place at top of Gangway steps. This accidental position invested a pleasant speech

with two distinctly uncomfortable sensations. First of all, to imaginative minds there came fantastic idea that, being at the extreme edge of the saloon close by the bulwarks, WASON, unless he was very careful, might by sheer weight give the ship a lurch to leeward. Apparently himself impressed with feeling of insecurity, he as he spoke held on to the pillar that supported the roof.

*Samson Agonistes!* Was he going to pull down the pillar; solving the question of a new House for the Commons by dismantling the existing edifice? But WASON only wanted to recall the achievement of that gallant Scottish Member who, wedded in the early morning in the neighbourhood of the Hebrides, immediately after the ceremony turned his face southward and, like young *Lochinvar* riding post haste, reached Westminster in time to take part in a division.

What this had to do with the question whether the House should have its short sitting on Wednesday or Friday was not clear. House so relieved when WASON resumed his seat, without calamity occurring, that it gratefully cheered.

Regarded as a business assembly, House at its worst. Questions sub-



SAMSON AGONISTES.

(Mr. E-g-ne W-a-s-o-n and the pillar.)

mitted—whether four days a week business should commence at 2 or 3 o'clock, and whether half-holiday should be taken on Wednesday or Friday—purely matters of personal predilection. Argument absolutely unavailing. On SPEAKER taking Chair, every man in crowded assembly had made up his mind on subject, ready to vote straight away. No talk, howsoever persuasive, would influence a single vote. Yet for four hours and a half speeches were made.

Level accurately marked by RAILWAY BELL, who poured into unsympathetic ears a minute story of how his last train left King's Cross at 11.50 P.M. How, if sitting of House was extended till 11.15, he was in danger of missing it. In which case he would have to sleep in London without his pyjamas.

In the gallery allotted to distinguished strangers sat three Chinamen in the radiant habit of their country. They had crossed seas and continents in order to study Western civilisation. Eagerly looked forward to opportunity of sitting at feet of the Mother of Parliaments, humbly regarding her venerable figure, garnering the words of wisdom that fell from her august lips. What they



A BRILLIANT DÉBUTANT.

Mr. A. E. W. M-s-n is not afraid to say a word for Lord Milner. Being "sent to Coventry" by his Party has no terrors for him; he has been sent there already and got a thousand majority!

saw was an afternoon wantonly wasted. What they heard was the lament of a Member bereft of his pyjamas.

*Business done.*—New Procedure Rules discussed.

*Tuesday night.*—When Mr. LUPTON turned our dear HARRY CHAPLIN out of his freehold in Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, he looked forward with unbridled delight to joys of Parliamentary career. Not been at Westminster more than six weeks when bang goes his complacency.

Disillusion came this afternoon with debate on second reading of Prevention of Corruption Bill. VIVIAN, another new Member, supported it in speech that made the flesh creep. Pictured doctor at bedside of patient torn by conflicting interests. If the sick man dies, a little affair arranged with undertaker will come off. It appears, according to VIVIAN's information or experience, and as a carpenter by trade he speaks by the foot rule, that doctors have a running account with the undertaker; draw a commission for every coffin brought into use. Naturally, if the patient recovers, the little commission is not forthcoming. No corpse, no coffin.

"No wonder," said the vivacious

VIVIAN, "the doctor is tempted to say, 'Shall I pray for his death or save him?'"

Whilst these gruesome reflections, more depressing than anything to be found in *Dretincourt on Death*, chilled the marrow of the House, they, in some subtle fashion, worked up Mr. LUPTON into condition of keen irascibility. Commissions! Who is paying out commissions?

"Why, Mr. SPEAKER," he said, turning an angry countenance on the right hon. gentleman as if he were responsible for the omission, "I have distributed orders for a million pounds worth of goods, and no one has ever offered me a commission of any kind."

What was all this fuss about doctors getting commissions out of coffins?

"If I was an errand boy," snapped out the lachrymose LUPTON, "and took a message to the undertaker, I should feel myself entitled to be paid for my time. Very likely," he added reflectively, probably thinking of the demise of a mother-in-law, "I should be rendering assistance to the poor family in their time of trouble."

The House which had yelled at Mr. VIVIAN's genial remarks about an honourable profession howled at Mr. LUPTON who showed increased disposition to lapse into autobiographical details. Too deeply hurt at being systematically overlooked all these years in the matter of commissions to shorten opportunity of a growl. Half-past seven close at hand. When reached, debate must stop and second reading of Bill would stand over. Member after Member rose to move the closure. At fourth demand SPEAKER consented to submit it. Only LUPTON's voice uplifted in negative. Question being next put on amendment for rejection of Bill, LUPTON's strident "No" again resounded. "No," he shouted when SPEAKER submitted third question that Bill be read a second time. The solo repeated when motion finally made



MONTGOMERY DISTRICT.

A Thorn in the side of the Anti-Imperialists. (Mr. J. D. R-s.)

to refer Bill to Grand Committee. One against six hundred, LUPTON, his battle cry "No," withstood the host.

Thus in olden times HORATIUS (COCKLES) kept the bridge gate over the Tiber.

*Business done.*—New Procedure Rules agreed to.

*House of Lords, Friday night.*—Lord ABERDEEN on flying visit to town looked in to-night. Found things exceedingly dull. Compared with House Dublin



MR. H-RNY-M-N, M.P.  
(The Member for Chelsea.)



Castle a place of joyance. An Irish Member tells me that since Lord and Lady ABERDEEN took up their residence there social and political revolution quietly effected.

"CHOMWELL conquered Ireland," he remarked, "but not nearly so effectively as the new LORD LIEUTENANT; whilst the modern method is preferable."

Patriotic Irish women, to whom Dublin Castle has since childhood been a thing accursed, are now seen at Lady ABERDEEN'S Saturday afternoon "At Homes." The LORD LIEUTENANT is respectfully greeted as he passes through the streets of Dublin, heartily cheered when he makes appearance at public meetings. Most striking thing in the transformation scene is that it is effective equally in the Unionist and the Nationalist camp. The last Liberal LORD LIEUTENANT was not only boycotted by loyal Ulster but snubbed by Nationalist Connaught. Visiting Belfast the other day, the LORD LIEUTENANT and his Lady received the popular greeting grown familiar in Dublin.

"We haven't had the Irish question up yet," said the Patriot Member who told me these things. "Your Labour Members are effectively doing our old work in brow-beating Government and making things hum generally. For men of peace, like me, anxious for goodwill on earth, there is no phase of the Irish question more pleasing and more hopeful than that attendant on the new tenancy of Dublin Castle. Excuse me; pending introduction of Education scheme which is promising of wigs on the green, I must go off to block the measures of a few private Members and see if I can't put a spoke in the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Trades Disputes Bill."

*Business done.*—Commons discussed importation of Canadian cattle.

#### The Great Fingers Question Solved.

On Monday, April 2—there is no Sunday Edition—*The Manchester Guardian's* "Answers to Correspondents" consisted solely of this:—

"FINGERS.—The term 'fingers' includes the thumb."

When *The Manchester Guardian* becomes technical we are no longer able to follow it; but we can faintly imagine the almost painful eagerness with which the enquirer tore open his paper and searched its columns for the answer to his conundrum.

"WANTED, for the term, good General Servant as plain Cook, must wash and dress, no shirts."—*Galloway Gazette*.

This is rather arbitrary. Having once been told that she *must* dress, surely such a detail as shirts or not might well be left to her.



#### "WHO MIXED REASON WITH PLEASURE."

Doctor. "NOT VERY GOOD FOR YOUR GOUT, MAJOR, EH?"

Major. "QUITE RIGHT, MY BOY; BUT IT HELPS ME TO BEAR IT, DON'T YOU KNOW?"

#### TO MY LAUNDRESS.

My collar is quaintly serrated,  
In shreds is the shirt underneath,  
My cuffs are so deftly dentated  
You'd take them for trimmings of  
teeth;  
Stiffly starched is my evening choker,  
My handkerchief's blemished with blue,  
And the reason, oh reasonless joker,  
My Laundress, is—you!

A philosophy firmer than PLATO'S  
Would falter and fail at the sight  
Of my linen like soufflés potatoes  
And all the good garments you blight.  
Can you marvel, oh ghoul, that I'm  
maddened

When barely a month has gone by  
Since the gloss of their novelty gladdened  
My glistening eye?

If I stole from some stately collection,  
And sent you, a suit of plate-mail,  
Would its coming occasion dejection,  
Would armour against you avail?

Or with joy would you dance half-  
demented,  
And proudly proceed to display  
How the steel hasn't yet been invented  
That you couldn't fray?

If I dressed as the Daughters of Dawn  
dress  
(Dear dreams clad in dewdrops and  
mist),  
Should I dodge you, demoniac Laundress,  
Or would you, remorseless, insist  
That my dimly diaphanous raiment  
Should visit you every week  
To endure, for preposterous payment,  
The vengeance you wreak?

Now it may be you're sent as a scourge  
for  
The many misdeeds of mankind;  
In the havoc I'm droning this dirge for  
Our penance we mortals may find;  
But the view that I favour is prosier:  
You're just a paid agent of Trade,  
You're in lucrative league with my  
Hosier,  
Oh infamous jade!

## PRESENTATION DAY.

"Spring is coming!" said the Black Dog, as she bounded out of the front door followed by the Brown Pup, who had to be carried down the steps by his mistress, as he was only seven weeks old. "Spring is coming!" and he executed a *pas seul* of pure joy between the wheels of a Carter Paterson van that was passing.

"What is Spring?" asked the Brown Pup, who was wobbling somewhat unsteadily in his mother's wake.

"Spring?" said the Black Dog, tersely, "Spring is smells!"

But here the conversation was interrupted by the Mistress picking up the Brown Pup to carry him across the road, and it was not till they reached the passage leading into the Gardens that she put him down again.

It was to be the greatest day in the Brown Pup's life. He was to be presented to the other dogs, and given the freedom of the Gardens, which sums up nearly all that is desirable in a dog's life.

The Brown Pup had been very brave in the back garden at home, and his boxing matches with *Augustus* the cat had been the admiration of the neighbourhood. But the back garden was not Life, his mother had told him, and his fat brown legs were a trifle shaky as he saw in the distance the gates of this mysterious place where the thing called "Life" was to be lived at its highest and best.

"Now remember," said the Black Dog, somewhat excitedly, for he was her first-born and she was naturally a little nervous, "the one thing you must not do is to run away. Be civil but courageous, and don't whimper, whatever happens." And then they entered the gates, the Black Dog on in front with her tail waving proudly in the air, the Brown Pup following anxiously in the rear, his fat little body shaking with excitement and awe, and the Mistress behind the Brown Pup.

The first to catch sight of the newcomer was a Chow, who lived in the same road at home.

"Got the youngster with you, I see!" he said, as he came up at a run, and inspected the Brown Pup with a critical air. "I fancy I heard the milkman talking to our servants about it. Yes—a fine little fellow! Is he strong?"

"You can put him to the test," said the Black Dog, proudly.

The Chow suddenly shot out a hind leg and knocked the Brown Pup over. For one moment the Brown Pup thought of trying his one method of retaliation and biting the Chow in the leg, but a look from his mother prevented him, and he picked himself up, wagging his tail.

"He'll do," said the Chow kindly. "Bring him in to supper this evening," and he was off.

The next to come up was a magnificent golden-brown collie, who rolled the Brown Pup about till he was sore, and then returned him to his mother with the remark that he was too fat, but time

The Black Dog's whole body quivered with the force of the temptation, and she turned her back on the Round Pond while she battled with it. Then Duty triumphed, and she turned round again.

"Come, my son," she said, leading the Brown Pup up to a Great Dane, who had been watching the group from afar.

The Brown Pup felt an overwhelming desire to retire from sight behind his mother, but fortunately for his reputation he caught sight of an unkempt mongrel at whom he had often made faces through the area railings at home, while passers-by of the gentler sex were admiring his "dreamy eyes." Whatever

happened he would not be put to shame in front of Tatters. He could but die, he thought, as he wobbled forward.

But the great beast's reception was gentler than any he had yet encountered, and by the time the preliminary questions as to age, training, &c., had been answered the Brown Pup felt quite at home with him.

They all walked on together, while the Great Dane and the Black Dog discussed the scandals of the Park, and the Brown Pup listened open-mouthed. A certain Rover had broken the first rule of the Gardens, and had barked loudly as he chased the sheep, thereby attracting undesirable attention to himself and his companions; Bobs had gone away into the country with his master, and was not expected back for some time; while a very objectionable Fido had been decoyed out of her mistress's lap and taken to a secluded part of the Gardens by three dogs whom she had repeatedly and grossly insulted, and there dealt with satisfactorily.

So they walked along, and the Brown Pup's heart swelled with pride as he heard the remarks of the passers-by.

Presently they came to a turning. "Well, well, I must go now," said the Great Dane, regretfully, as he waved his tail in the direction of a lady who was calling excitedly to him, "that's my mistress, you know. Very nervous and highly strung, poor thing! Too much sitting in stuffy rooms, I fancy. Yes, yes, my dear, I'm coming," and he departed.

The Brown Pup's legs were beginning to ache with so much exercise, and he was very glad when his mistress stooped down and picked him up. Then it suddenly occurred to him that he would



EAR BLINKERS—A SUGGESTION FOR CADDIES OF TENDER AGE IN ATTENDANCE ON HOT-TEMPERED ANGLO-INDIAN MILITARY GENTLEMEN LEARNING GOLF.

would cure that—a criticism which the Black Dog resented. "He's in perfect condition for his age," she said, sharply, and proceeded with great dignity towards the Round Pond.

At the top they were joined by a retriever and a spaniel, who entreated the Black Dog to accompany them into the water. "Leave the little fellow with your mistress," they begged; "the keeper is reading the paper, and those ducks

—"

For one moment a look of rapture gleamed in the Black Dog's eyes. Then she resolutely turned away.

"It is his first day," she said, regretfully but firmly.

"One of the black duck's tail feathers is loose!" breathed the spaniel, satanically.

not like the Great Dane to see him being carried like Fido, so he struggled down and trotted bravely after his mother, who rewarded him with an approving look.

"This, my son," she said, "is Life. Head up, tail straight, no matter how your legs ache—a greeting for a friend and a look in the face for everyone. Don't listen to the mongrels or you won't hear what wise dogs are saying—and keep behind your superiors," she added gently, as she shot out her hind leg. The Brown Pup retired to the rear, thinking over many things, and when he got home his mother noticed with pleasure that he had had his last boxing match with *Augustus*. Somehow this form of recreation no longer appealed to him after his walk with the Great Dane, and besides, every spare moment was taken up with reflections on Life.

#### THE AGE OF CULTURE.

"A hundred years hence the survival into the twentieth century of the superstition about the indispensability of Greek and Latin to a true education will be regarded as not the least curious and interesting freak of all the curious and interesting freaks that human nature has been guilty of in the course of its development."—*T. P.'s Weekly* on "Culture and the Classics."

WHEN I have quaffed my weakly draught

Of Hippocrene's rills,  
And filled my heart with cultured art  
And literary thrills—

By such cheap pennyworth inspired,  
Imagination oft is fired,  
And in my mind I seem to see  
The cultured age that is to be.

A realm of gold I then behold—  
A new and fair *régime*  
Where soul and brain united reign  
And culture is supreme;  
A land where intellect may soar  
To heights it never knew before,  
And where in every man you find  
The artist's and the poet's mind.

Awile I gaze in rapt amaze  
With all-admiring eye,  
And then I turn intent to learn  
The wherefore and the why.  
Whence comes, I ask, this atmosphere  
So lofty, rarefied and clear,  
This culture which, I understand,  
Was never yet on sea or land?

'Tis not from store of classic lore:  
They scarce have heard of Rome;  
No masterpiece of ancient Greece  
Finds on their shelves a home.  
They read, incredulous, of those  
Who trained their boys on Attic prose,  
And tried, benighted fools, to nurse  
The infant mind on Latin verse.



Little Girl (who has asked for a ha'porth of five-a-penny Easter eggs, and received two).  
"PLEASE, M'M, IT'S THE OTHER HA'PORTH I WOULD LIKE."

More happy far these mortals are!  
No need for them to toil  
Through long, long years 'mid doubts  
and fears,

Or burn the midnight oil;  
No need for them with weary pate  
To struggle through the prolix Great—  
Boiled down like meat-juice, theirs to find  
The essence of each master mind.

On one small page some mighty sage  
Says all he has to say;  
And there's the gist (with nothing  
missed)

Of HOMER's lengthy lay;  
A column tells them all with ease  
They want to learn of SOPHOCLES;  
HORACE or PLATO would they know,  
They take him in a cameo.

Nor are the Great of later date  
Forgotten. Men but need  
A snippet here from *Hamlet*—*Lear*—  
And SHAKESPEARE's soul they read;  
CARLYLE and BYRON, SHELLEY, BURNS—  
Each knows them every one and learns  
The truth about their married lives,  
And why they squabbled with their  
wives.

The Ladder, too, of Learning view  
Which CLIO rears. They climb,  
And learn some great event of State  
In half a minute's time.  
What wonder, then, that all things  
wear  
So learned and refined an air,  
When, clasped in every hand, I see  
The weekly pages of *T. P.*?



### SHOULD WOMEN SMOKE?

SOME faddist in the press first raised the question,  
When anxious of a grievance to be rid—  
Hinting disease or death or indigestion  
Probable, if they did.

"INDIGNANT DAME" replied a morning later,  
Giving the lie (or several) direct:  
Describing him a low prevaricator—  
Or words to that effect.

The fat was in the fire. A smart "YOUNG MOTHER"  
Urged it was *chic*, and womanly as well;  
One "DAMEL" found it soothing, while another  
Simply abhorred the smell.

"FATHER OF ONE" (outside the infant's hearing)  
Vowed that no girl of his "such things" should do;  
"FATHER OF NINE" refrained from interfering—  
Thinking it wiser to.

A "SPINSTER" said the weed was all she trusted  
To take from single cursedness the sting;  
A lady, who inscribed herself "DISGUSTED,"  
Loathed the unseemly thing.

An "INDIAN COLONEL" found the practice "flighty,"  
And asked, if women thronged the "Smokers" too,  
Where (in this crimson territory) might he  
The scheming sex eschew?

"ENTHUSIASTIC" called it bliss-bestowing,  
Which "YOUTHFUL CYNIC" stigmatised as rot;  
And "TWEENTY GIRL" was diffident, unknowing  
Whether to whiff or not.

Such are the strange, reciprocative scornings,  
Such are the quaint, antagonistic views,  
That filled the papers during several mornings,  
Taking the place of news.

Whether the thing is really wrong or rightful,  
We know not yet; but this is sure, the while—  
Either it is entrancingly delightful  
Or else supremely vile.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Lady of the Decoration* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is an anonymous series of letters purporting to pass from a lady sometime resident in Japan to a bosom friend at home. It is, actually, one of the daintiest love stories I in a long experience have read. Its peculiarity is that no formal attempt is made to describe or characterise the man who is loved. All we know is that his name is JACK; that the still young wayfarer in a foreign land, becoming a widow after a not too happy lease of married life, loved him when she left home, but never told her love, hoping to master it by foreign travel. Occasional subtle touches in casual letters bare her secret to the sympathetic eye. When her correspondent announces her engagement without mentioning the name of her fiancé, she jumps at the conclusion that it must be JACK, a person whom every woman, looking on him, must love. Of course it wasn't JACK and all ends happily, as idylls should. The story is so unobtrusively told that in the printed volume it scarcely occupies more space than is here given to it. It is the row of pearls slung on a silken cord of bright narrative and description, especially vivid in observation, evidently by an eye-witness, of life in Japan throughout the war with Russia.

Mr. HEINEMANN isn't a man to bungle;  
He's published a book which is called *The Jungle*.  
It's written by UPTON SINCLAIR, who  
Appears to have heard of a thing or two  
About Chicago and what men do  
Who live in that city—a loathsome crew.  
It's there that the stockyards reek with blood,  
And the poor man dies, as he lives, in mud;  
The Trusts are wealthy beyond compare,  
And the bosses are all triumphant there,  
And everything rushes without a skid  
To be plunged in a hell which has lost its lid.  
For a country where things like that are done  
There's just one remedy, only one,  
A latter-day Upton Sinclairism  
Which the rest of us know as Socialism.  
Here's luck to the book! It will make you cower,  
For it's written with wonderful, thrilling power.  
It grips your throat with a grip Titanic,  
And scatters shams with a force volcanic.  
Go buy the book, for I judge you need it,  
And, when you have bought it, read it, read it.

I have been trying to discover whether H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, who wrote *Fanny Lambert*, is a man or a woman. Mr. FISHER UNWIN, who, as the publisher of the book, ought to know, refers to the author as Mr. STACPOOLE. That's one opinion. On the other hand, the amateurishness of the technique, and a certain innocence of style, convince me that it is a woman. That is another opinion. Then, again, we have the damning fact that the hero never wears evening dress. (Two to one on *Mister*.) But *Fanny Lambert* herself is so delightfully feminine in every word and every letter, and so superior in drawing to all the men, that . . . (Evens on *Mister* and *Miss*.) However, it is no good speculating (though, *pace* Mr. UNWIN, I would risk a shilling on *Miss*); one's duty is, rather, to congratulate the author on the ever-fascinating *Fanny*. The men are not so successful. *Charles Bevan*, for instance, is said to be twenty-three, but looks like thirty—as they say in testimonials. *Frank*, the hero, hardly appears at all, and then not to much effect. But *Fanny*, bless her, is there always. Mr. FISHER UNWIN (whom I am bound to suspect now) says that this is the author's fourth book. It has the look, rather, of a first novel; a very promising one, but still the first. Mr., Mrs., or Miss STACPOOLE should have got further in technique by this time; but she—I insist on having the last word—SHE, Mr. FISHER UNWIN, will never improve upon *Fanny*. I raise my glass to *Fanny*.

### Two on a Torre Annunziata.

THE *Central News* announces that "the eruption of Vesuvius is a serious one. Five streams of lava are descending the mountain towards Resina, Torre, Annunziata, Torre del Greco, and Bosco-Trecase." This allowance of a stream apiece for Torre and Annunziata is a very generous one, and the S. E. & C. R. on their part have made an equally generous response. For the convenience of tourists wishing to visit these congested districts we have pleasure in announcing that this Company provides five separate egresses from London, the points of departure being Victoria, Holborn, Cannon Street, Charing and Cross.

ACCORDING to *The Glasgow Evening Times* "The Board of Trade have issued a regulation requiring a red light to be shown on the rear end of each year." This is a thoughtful idea, and obviously intended to prevent the New Year from following too rapidly upon its predecessor. A similar system with the seasons would be helpful.